

The Coming Day.

JUNE, 1898.

GLADSTONE.

SPOKEN AT CROYDON.

LAST Thursday was the day set apart by the old Church in commemoration of the Ascension of Jesus Christ after his resurrection. It was most beautiful and fitting that, as it dawned upon us, our greatest Englishman, our great, good man, made it his ascension-day,—a day he specially loved to honour,—a day which now teaches us a most precious truth, while our minds and hearts are stirred and touched with a signal instance of what the true ascension is.

This fine spirit, who has ended his career in this dim scene of struggle, as one of the church militant, and gone into the world of light, as a member of the church triumphant, has left behind him a record and the fruits of splendid services which no Englishman will wish to question.

On another occasion, you will be invited to join with me in a study which will take note of those services and attempt some estimate of his many-sided character. To-day, let us simply keep ascension day together, and test our faith in its highest reaches, in the light of this bright spirit's promotion into the unseen.

Do we really believe it? Do we quite grasp the fact that this noble soul has marched out of the earthly tent, and, as a spirit-person, has gone into spirit-life? I do: and, so far as I can see, that is what Immortality must mean. It is that or it is a delusion. The foundation of the great fact of Immortality must be the other great fact, that the real man is the spirit-self. Even here, on this

earthly plane, the real man is not body only but spirit. The physical body by itself is not and cannot be conscious. The physical body is an assemblage of dissimilar organs and instruments, all of which, and all of whose activities, are determined by chemical and other movements and combinations: but these bear not the slightest resemblance to human thoughts and affections; and it is impossible to see how such thoughts and affections, and the intense conscious unity of the whole, could result from any number of chemical and other movements and combinations. The only solution of the problem of life is that life is not only a physical phenomenon; that life lies behind the manifestations of life; and, especially, that the life of love and goodness, memory and aspiration, is not a product of, and is not dependent upon 'this muddy vesture of decay.' So that, I say plainly and literally, this great spirit is not dead, and has only been separated from the body which served it so long, and, almost to the end, so well. The refined and subtile intellect, the seasoned love of justice, the generous sympathy, the tender loving-kindness, the glorious indignation against tyranny and cruelty, the wondrous blending of ripe wisdom and sunny humour, rich experience and all-absorbing humanity, into such a perfect whole, the lofty soaring above all things human to things divine, are not smothered and destroyed, just because a few muscles have ceased to act. These superb spiritual creations were separate: they had a supreme unity of existence of their own; and all that has happened is that they have been liberated, promoted into the world of light,—a world as far superior to this as the heavens are higher than the earth. There is no such thing as death in this great realm of the spirit. All is life, and life progressive, and life for evermore.

It is to be hoped that such thoughts as these—which are logically inevitable if a future life is believed in at all—will do something to rid the world of the monstrous old version of the resurrection and ascension. The old belief was, and partly is, that Jesus Christ rose from the dead with his once dead body, and, with that body of flesh

and blood, went into the spirit-world ;—a gross conception which, unfortunately, the official documents of the Established Church affirm. And so, our resurrection and ascension are, in like manner, associated with the body.

That old delusion is doomed. There is now no alternative. Either life is continued at once beyond the incident called ' death ' or there is no future life at all. If it is a question between annihilation and a resurrection at some future ' last day '—it may be millions of years to come—the sorrowful verdict must be for annihilation.

But now we know the origin of the old idea of the resurrection which clung to the flesh. Its parent was sheer ignorance of the elementary truths of the spirit-philosophy which every one now has a chance of understanding. That philosophy, as profound as it is simple, and as rational as it is profound, is based upon the distinction between things seen and unseen, and is now strongly entrenched in the great doctrines of Continuity and Evolution. ' The things which are seen are temporal,' and inferior, and ' the things which are not seen are eternal,' and superior. Spirit is higher than flesh, and soul is superior to physical sense. ' There is an earthly body, and there is a spiritual body ; and, as we have borne the image of the earthly, so shall we bear the image of the heavenly ' : or, in other words, we are in a state of transition ; we are passing on from lower to higher stages ; the physical is creative or educational, and for the sake of the spirit which is supreme. Death, therefore, is orderly ;—not really death but an immense step on in the march of life,—an emerging of the spirit to the spirit-plane, for the next great experiment of being. This is the true resurrection, the real ascension, with which the body has not, and never can have, anything to do.

Think what follows from this. The spirit-world is not only the real world, the superior world, the world of great promotions ; it is also the world of supreme service ; it is the mighty gathering-sphere of the hosts of God, who ' serve Him day and night in His temple.' But His ' temple ' is the Universe, and His ' service ' is the carrying out of His creative and redeeming plans.

Think what that means. The mightiest spirit-forces, the wisest redeeming forces, are beyond the veil. Heaven is not a place for selfish enjoyment. How could it be, for such an intrepid, adventurous reforming spirit as this that we have just sent there? It must be the scene of vast enterprises for the amelioration, the educating and the saving of the multitudes who pass from us in darkness, misery and sin.

We have not lost him, then. He is only transferred, promoted, ascended. All the power and experience that earth gave him will be retained, but with vast accessions of knowledge, light and strength. The arena for the use of his splendid sympathies and powers will be enormously enlarged. His work on earth will be but as a narrow, brief apprenticeship compared with what he now will have to do: for, in that spirit-sphere, there are no closed doors, no changeless dooms, no hopeless hells; but only vast reformatories for the vicious, infinitely varied training schools for the ignorant, hospitals for the sick and homes for the children. And doubtless there are tyrants to be beat down, and cruelty to be curbed, and temporary hells to be emptied or turned into progressive heavens: and he who on earth, centuries ago, came to seek and save that which was lost must still be leading on his glorious hosts in their redeeming work.

And now what authority have I for saying this, and how do I know that it is true? I know it because I know that a stream of ignorance, misery and sin is constantly flowing from this world to that. I know it because I know how God and His mighty forces are working here, and because it is inevitable that He and they are everywhere the same. I know it because I know that at the heart of all things the law of uplifting is at work. I know it because I know God is wisdom, justice, goodness, power, and because it is impossible that He could create and perfect such splendid instruments only to destroy or waste them. I know it because, if there is a life beyond, nothing could hold back from service the millions of glorious beings who must have found one another there.

To their sublime companionship, to their

divine enterprises, to their unbounded bliss of helpfulness, our splendid combatant has gone. With our gratitude and blessing, we follow him, and, with joy and not with grief, keep his Ascension Day.

PALM SUNDAY.

SPOKEN AT CROYDON.

THIS is a kind of festal day in Christendom, but a festal day overshadowed by a tragedy to come. It is Palm Sunday, but the palm grows hard by the cross. It is the day that commemorates the riding of Jesus into Jerusalem amid the hosannas of the crowds: but they were hosannas that, in a little while, were changed for the brutal cry 'Crucify him! Crucify him!' He rides on as if to victory, but the palm-strewn path will end in Gethsemane and Calvary: and, to those far-seeing eyes, the shadows were already gathering round the triumph, and the very cries of welcome were tragic as, from afar, he foresaw the treachery, the agony, the cross. Ride on, conqueror and victim! Thou ridest, indeed, to suffering and ignominy and shame; but, beyond these, thou ridest to a world-wide dominion, to the love of millions, to the eternal praise of the redeemed!

Under the shadow of the cross, then, we will keep our Palm Sunday,—a symbol of all life, outside of the delusion of romance. Everywhere, the shadow creeps over the sunny spaces, and, amid the welcomes of the hour of triumph, moans and sighs the word of doom. So was it with our brother Jesus—his Palm Sunday so soon to change to Good Friday, the cheering crowds to the jeering soldiers, the palm branches to the reed, the blessings of the multitude in the way to the execrations that followed him to the cross.

With this thought of Palm Sunday, the words of the epistle to the Hebrews (xiii. 13) will come home to us all:—'Let us go forth, therefore, unto him, without the camp, bearing his reproach.'

There spake the faithful follower of Jesus—the disciple who is willing to bear his 'reproach,'

and to go to him 'without the camp,' When Jesus was led 'without the camp' and was covered with 'reproach,' where were the men of the palm branches and the hosannas? These were like the butterflies which come out in the sunshine, but are seen no more when skies are dark, and winds are bleak. It is the way of the world!

What a meaning there is in that phrase—'Let us go forth unto him without the camp'! It was without the camp they were commanded to take the blasphemer that he might be put to death; it was without the camp they took our brother Jesus, to nail him to the cross; it is without the camp for us whenever danger is to be faced and sacrifices are to be made, for righteousness, duty, truth: and it is there we are to go, 'bearing' (as the apostle says with such touching pathos) 'bearing his reproach.'

How hard it is to do it!—hard everywhere; hard even for love. It was hard even to Jesus. And yet it is so sad a thing not to do it! and, in truth, it remains one of the saddest things in all God's world—to see how men shrink from paying the price of doing right,—to see how, even in religion, they consider advantages, not principles—how they consult, not duty but self-interest,—how they follow the banner of the successful, and turn away from those who bear the cross. Yes, even until this day we like Jesus better on Palm Sunday than on Good Friday, and find it easier to be true to him when he leads us to gain than when he leads us to lose something and lay down something for his sake. It is the way of the world! Let us ask ourselves how many of us who now think we believe in him, and who sing psalms of praise to him, would have followed him in the days of his shame. May we not be only too sadly sure that many who now half adore him as their heavenly Lord would have been found wanting if they had known and seen him when he had no place wherein to lay his head? And is there no need to ask whether we are not in danger of doing the same thing now?

Let us go back to the real Jesus; to the babe in the rough and homely stable; to the poor carpenter; to the itinerant preacher bent on teaching

his great ideas through all that sinful, God-forgetting land; to the homeless, hungry outcast (for that was what he was), the scorned and hated Christ, the crucified, before a mocking throng; to him who, by his divine persistence, even unto death, made the path of duty and the way of righteousness plainer to our dim vision, and easier for our feeble feet. And let us do this not only esthetically, and sentimentally, and in the abstract, and on Sundays, but resolutely in all the affairs of life. But let no one attempt it who is not prepared for the consequences,—who is not ready to bear what the apostle here calls Christ's 'reproach,' and to go to him 'without the camp.' For now, as ever, truth is not always loved and blest; and righteousness is not always followed, to the (not only sweet but) bitter end. Righteousness is easily loved when she is in the sunshine with her followers, when the glory of the world is in her train,—when she is praised and crowned as the Queen of heaven, and made, for a time, the Queen of earth. But let her lead to stern self-denials; let her make her followers encounter grievous dangers; make her poor and a pilgrim; take off her queenly robe, and clothe her in poor attire; shout 'Hosanna' no more, and wave no more palm branches, but see her staggering beneath a heavy cross: dethrone her, as one who makes things dangerous; and get some selfish, useful lie enthroned instead; and where are her adorers now?

It is the way of the world: and it was the way of the world with Jesus. In him righteousness was incarnate, and, for an hour, men saw, or thought they saw, the heavenly vision; but anon they smote him on the mouth, and tore his brow with thorns, and took him forth, without the camp, to die. His lovers were gone; his disciples fled, Judas a traitor, Peter a denier, and 'they all forsook him and fled.'

But what if, in the city, a little band of men and women had said, as they led him beyond the gates—'See! he whom we love is taken away to die,—the man who healed us, and taught and consoled us, and blest our children: let us go with him. We will walk by his side, and be true to him in his adversity: and when they lift him up, we will call

him dear friend and saviour: and when they pierce his hands we will show him ours, clasped, in solemn pledge to do all he told us, and to be faithful to him unto death: and when they sit down to see him die, and revile him, we will sing the words he loved, to comfort him.' O what a story that would have been! How we should have loved those men and women! and how would they have stood, for all time, as the rebukers of our tardiness, the condemners of our cowardice, the shamers of our selfishness, and the deathless inspiration of all devoted souls!

But it is left for us to make the story true: it is left for us to go forth to him without the camp, bearing his reproach. And is it asked—How can that be? I would to God it were not so easy to reply. The principles, the spirit, the teachings, and the examples of Jesus, continually come into collision with self-interest and self-will: and it is then the great choice has to be made. The trial comes in many ways. Is there any clear principle of Christ's teaching, adherence to which would bring danger or loss? We are to be faithful to it though nothing but difficulty and disaster seem to come of it. Is there any course, the avoidance of which would put us out of the fashion, and mark us as repugnant to the opinions and customs of the world? We are to turn from it, and walk on in the road of right even though it led us to walk alone with Christ. We must face our minor martyrdoms and trivial crucifixions, and go forth without the camp, bearing his reproach. Led by the spirit of Jesus, we must ask—not, Is this popular? but, Is this right? Not, What will men say of us? but, What will the effect of this be on the cause of righteousness in the world? Life is too short, and the claims of the higher law of God are too authoritative, for any paltering with simple right. But it is tremendously difficult: for, however much men may approve the right principles in the abstract, they shrink continually from applying them, or from the consequences of them. And the world, by long practice, knows well how to treat its dissentients; and, as ever, it is still true that they who would follow Christ through thick and thin, and apply his teachings, win or lose,

must go forth to him without the camp, bearing his reproach.

But if that happened to Jesus, which is symbolised by the cross, what right have we to shrink? He was, in a supreme sense, the 'well-beloved son,' and yet he was homeless, rejected, poor. His teachings went clean contrary to the maxims of society and the ways of the world. With him, success was not the necessary thing, nor was the law of self-preservation supreme with him. He came not to be ministered unto, and to get his own turn served: he came to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many. And all that led to the usual results,—scorn, unbelief, cruelty, apparent failure, the death of the cross. And we, if we would be his disciples, must count no descent dishonour, must reckon no surrender shame, if these come in following him; for indeed, no descent can be dishonour, but the descent to injustice; and no surrender can be shame, but the surrender of conscience.

It is the spirit of Jesus, then, that we still want in the practical affairs of the world: and we may be sure that if this spirit seems unsuited for practical affairs it is because our practice is wrong, not because his spirit is bad. Of course, if self interest is paramount, and the law of self-preservation is supreme, then the spirit of Jesus must be unsuited for the practical affairs of life: only then we ought to alter our practice, and not put aside his spirit. We want a definitely higher tone in all the affairs of life,—commercial, social, political, religious. The self-denying principles of Jesus, the not-ourselves-regarding spirit of Jesus, if practically applied by the civilised races, might almost make a new world of it. But the standard of success would have to be entirely altered, for success in the practical application of his teachings, and in the working out of his spirit, would oftentimes mean surrender and not victory, self-denial and not self-assertion, and the going to him, without the camp, bearing his reproach. And, if we fear to take that path, and doubt whether any triumph can lie that way, let us remember that Jesus won the world that way,—that, by the cross, he mounted to his glorious throne, and, as an outcast, won the

salvation of the world. Then, from that high world whither he has gone, and where we all, in a little while, shall follow him, hear him say, 'If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me.'

It is here that we come to the real gospel of Christ, which can never be found in dogmas and abstract opinions. Jesus is a saviour, not a theologian; a leader, not a professor; a guide, not a pedagogue; an inspiration for life, not a sentimentalist for meditation: and here, in this inspiring call, 'Let us go forth unto him, without the camp, bearing his reproach,' we may find the great redeeming truth for the world.

My brothers, young or old, we are all here for only a little space; and soon, for all of us, this brief experiment of life on earth will end; and the place that knows us now will know us no more; and the old house will be trodden by other feet; and our names will be taken out of the busy ways, and carved, instead, in the quiet places of the dead; and the anxious heart will lie still, with the busy hand and restless brain: and we shall be gone,—to meet the Master there.

What will he say to us, if we ever meet him? To some,—'Welcome! you not only understood me, but you were true to me; you not only believed in me, but you suffered with me; and now I have come to receive you unto myself.' To others,—'For you also I lived and died, and you knew it, and acknowledged it: but you could not watch with me, you could not bear your cross—for such a little while!'

It is not too late to win the heaven of his approval. But it can only be in the old, old way. We must be true to his standard, come what may: we must put his teachings first: and everything must be good or bad, right or wrong, for us, only as we see he would justify or condemn. Then, our crown of thorns will become a garland of blessing; and the cross will become our throne; and, though our names may never be written with those the foolish and selfish world delights to honour, it will be found in the archives of Heaven: and presently the brother Jesus will meet us in the home of those who have found him after many

tribulations; and we shall go no more out for ever, except to serve the Lord God somewhere in His temple: for, even in Heaven, it will still be true, that the shadow of the cross will fall on the glorious palms; and they who love God most, and are most like Jesus, will go forth oftenest, to seek and to save that which is lost.

WHAT IS IT?

[In a late number of 'The Clarion' (a paper more fond of satirising Spiritualism than harbouring it) the following story was told by Allen Clarke, one of its staff.]

I WILL preface my little narrative by stating that since my teens I have been an Agnostic (not of an aggressive character, but of a passive sort; neither seeking to thrust my views on other folk, nor caring to have their theologies pushed on me). Like you, I never believed in hell; I always laughed at the bottomless pit. As to God, I simply said I did not know whether there was such a being or not. The same with regard to hereafter, my own opinion being that the longing for a hereafter was due to man's sublime conceit, and that the odds were ten thousand to one against him. Holding these notions I kept aloof from all places of worship; and, out of Spiritualism, Theosophy, etc., made stuff for sarcasm. And to-day I am still an Agnostic, with this slight difference,—that of late years I have been very much puzzled by certain psychic phenomena that have fallen in my own life and under my own observation.

To make subsequent matters quite clear, I shall have to give a scrap or two of my own history. When I was quite a young man I married. Three months after the wedding-day my wife died with tragic suddenness. I did not know she was dying till the moment before she passed away. Neither did she. As her breath failed she whispered to me the words, 'I shall ——' leaving the sentence unfinished.

A couple of years afterwards I married a young woman to whom I had been attracted by some resemblance to my first wife. While I was courting this girl I always had a feeling that my

first wife was with us. This, of course, I put down to imagination (and the fact that I was a very minor poet).

My second wife—a simple, practically uneducated, working-class girl—knew nothing about Spiritualism, nor Theosophy, nor the speculations of the seers. But, after our marriage, she began to go into ‘trances’ (I use this word because I have no other to describe the occurrence), and in these trances she conversed with the ‘spirit’ of my first wife. This I gathered from the half of the dialogue I heard. To me it was like listening to a man talking at one end of a telephone, and guessing the subject of conversation from his questions and remarks.

Now, I am quite sure that there was no trickery on my wife’s part. When she came out of the ‘trance,’ she knew nothing about it; except sometimes she thought she had had a confused dream.

Reasoning the thing out as well as I could, I explained it as the result of the operation of certain psychological laws yet unknown to man; but did not for a moment entertain the idea of ‘spirits.’ I did not believe in spirits.

After this I went to a few spiritualist meetings, but to me they were unsatisfactory: all the ‘spirit’ effects, I thought, could be accounted for by wilful fraud or self-delusion.

Though my wife had many trances, yet in them I found nothing which could not be accounted for by the action of undiscovered psychological laws. She revealed nothing but what was previously in her mind or my own.

But now we come to a mystery that I cannot fathom, that I cannot explain by anything except spirit-visitation, and this theory I am loth to accept without the completest evidence, though I may say that the evidence I have had would make ninety-nine men out of a hundred into enthusiastic believers in spirits and a hereafter. But I am a very tough sceptic.

Three months ago we buried our baby. On the night of the child’s death, my wife (as I somehow expected), saw my first wife’s spirit, and she had the baby in her arms, and its face shone with the smile of life. This, however, was not to me

proof of anything : though I longed for proof that I should some day see the babe again. Yet my reason refused to exaggerate facts to fit my sorrow and hope.

At this point it is necessary for me to say that in my 'Teddy Ashton's Christmas Annual' I have written a story entitled 'The Spirit-mother,' which is a true and plain statement of the phenomena I have observed in connection with my wife's trances. In this story I make a guess, and finish the sentence my first wife was speaking when death cut short her speech. To the words 'I shall——' I have added 'come again,' and make the statement into a prophecy that my first wife would come to earth again in the form of a child. This was all my own fancy. My wife read this tale two months ago in manuscript. Bear this fact in mind, and mark what follows. This is the puzzle.

A few nights ago my wife went into a trance again (this she does without any warning, and by no rule that I can find out). She saw the spirit of my first wife, and talked aloud with her. Though I had always previously abstained from any experimenting, deeming it a dangerous thing to tamper with any person's soul (I use the word 'soul' for mind, mentality, or what we call the spiritual part of a person), yet on this occasion I determined to test the phenomena, and find out what I could. So I told my wife to put certain questions to the spirit that she saw, but which was invisible to me. She put the questions as I directed, and I watched her strain her face forward for the answers. The question was, 'What were you saying when you died?' Now, I expected the answer to be the words I had written in the tale ; these words were in my mind, and in my wife's mind. But to my astonishment the answer came thus, slowly : 'I—shall—soon—be—better.'

Now, that I cannot explain. Next I put other questions concerning certain matters of which my living wife knew naught—matters only known to me and my dead wife—and the answers amazed me ; and I said to myself in a thrill of hope, 'Can this glory be true ?'

Then I wakened my wife up, but she knew naught of what she had said in the trance—was, in

fact, incredulous when I told her what had happened.

Now, what does it all mean? I conducted the experiment calmly, doubting, unexcited in the least till the startling answers set me wondering.

And even yet I doubt; though I cannot explain (except by belief in spirits) the revelations I have so very briefly and hastily written of in this article. Nor have I told half the wonders.

SHALL I JOIN THE UNITARIANS?

A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

South Norwood Hill,

May, 1898.

COMRADE,—Your letter rather puzzles me, as such letters always do. You ask me whether I would advise you to give up your ministry in the Established church, and join the Unitarians. It is extremely difficult to say yes or no, especially if, as I take for granted, your one desire is to so lay out your faculties and time as to do the greatest good to the greatest number.

For my own part, I do not see how any honest and simple-hearted rationalist can remain in 'The church.' What then can one do, in leaving it? I say without hesitation:—If it is possible, be entirely free. Take a room, a hall, a railway arch, anything with a roof to it, and go to work.

But that is seldom possible, and, where possible, it might, in some cases, be wasteful. And yet what seemed waste might not really be so. I am convinced that many 'influential' and showy churches are practically useless, and that some things done by churches have very little real value in them. An immense amount of 'public worship,' for instance, is mere formality, entertainment, conventional display, or even rank selfishness. And, after all, the railway arch might be actually more useful.

The Unitarians are probably as practical as most other organized Christians, though not nearly as enterprising and energetic. They are mild humanitarians, and have a natural bias in favour of Domestic Missions ; so that, in this direction, there are advantages in joining them. On the other hand, they are, as a rule, disinclined to try experiments, shrink from taking much trouble, and are apt to be timid in the presence of anything radical, or, in any way, strong. Their freedom, of which they are over proud, is mainly negative, and the margin of happy freedom for its ministers on the affirmative side, is practically less than in most other churches. A Baptist or Congregationalist minister, for instance, would find it very much easier to be a Trade Union man, or a Socialist, or a Home Ruler, or a Spiritualist, than a Unitarian would. Things conventional, respectable, pleasant, safe and conservative, have a strong hold upon Unitarians,—almost to smothering. Before joining them, you ought to consider this. It might make all the difference to you.

If the process of rationalising were a little more advanced amongst the Congregationalists, I should be disposed to say,—*Join them* : they have, at all events, more rapture, and are less open to the charge ; ‘There is no speculation in those eyes!’ Already they are, as a whole, more than half Unitarians. Indeed, in relation to the great matters,—Inspiration, Revelation, the identification of Jesus with the human race, as a manifestation of God, the difference between Deity and Divinity, the way of salvation, and the destinies of mankind in the life beyond, they are almost entirely Unitarians. But the pear is not quite ripe. What is wanted is a blend of Rationalism and Spiritualism : and that will come. In the meantime, is it not possible for you to be a John the Baptist in the desert, crying ‘Prepare ye the way!’?

Heartily yours,

J. PAGE HOPPS.

OSIRIS AND CHRIST.

IN a very instructive Introduction to his lately published translation of 'The Book of the Dead,' Dr. E. A. Wallis Budge, without mentioning Christ, supplies material for tracing a remarkable connection between the Gospel story and the much-earlier Egyptian records concerning the god Osiris.

In 'The Book of the Dead' 'the deceased is always identified with the god Osiris and is frequently called by the god's name.' 'Osiris is always regarded as the king and god of the dead, and Egyptian writers always assume the identity of the blessed dead with their god.' If Osiris lives, the blessed one lives. (See John xiv. 19, and a multitude of passages in which the believer is identified with Christ, such as John vi. 39, 40, 44, 54: Galatians ii. 20, and Colossians i. 27.) 'The hymns addressed to Rā and other great gods dwell more on the majesty and power which they exhibit in heaven and upon earth than upon their goodness to man; but with Osiris the case is different, and it is evident that in the earliest period he was regarded more in the light of a god that could be known, and who was known more or less personally—if we may use the word—and he was, of all the gods, the one singled out to receive the petitions of mankind for everlasting life.' (How exactly this states the case concerning Christ!)

Throughout the Egyptian texts it is assumed that the god (Osiris) suffered death and mutilation at the hands of his enemies . . . and that he became the god of the underworld.' ('He descended into hell.' See I. Peter iii. 19, &c.)

'Notwithstanding the death and mutilation which the god suffered, the Egyptians firmly believed that he rose from the dead with a body perfect in all its members, and that corruption and decay had no power over him.

'From these extracts we see that the deceased bases his certainty of an everlasting life, which was to be lived in a body which was perfect in all its members, upon that assurance that Osiris died, and rose again, and lived in a body which was

perfect in all its members: and it followed for the Egyptian that if Osiris did not die and rise again his belief in a resurrection was vain.' (See I. Cor. xv. 14: Romans viii. 34, &c.)

'The ancient Egyptians believed that the god (Osiris) was able to raise him up and to give him everlasting life, because he himself had conquered death and risen, and had become the master of everlasting life.'

'The ceremonies connected with the celebration of the sufferings, death and resurrection of Osiris were performed with great solemnity, and it has been thought that a representation of them took place annually in certain of his shrines.' (A significant side-reference to our Good Friday and Easter celebrations.)

'There exist distinct proofs that the Egyptians believed in a judgment which was to be held in the domain of Osiris.' ('From thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead.' See John v. 22, &c.)

In getting at the significance of these facts, it has to be carefully borne in mind that these Egyptian records belong to periods measured by many centuries before Christ. And it is also well to bear in mind the curious linking of Christ with Egypt, in the Gospel story.

WHO WAS JEHOVAH?

A. E. GILES, writing in *The Banner of Light*, refers to a view of Jehovah which the Editor of *The Coming Day* has made familiar in his book, 'WHO WAS JEHOVAH?' (IS.) Mr. Giles says;

Yahweh, though of the Elohim, was not of its better and higher order. He was a jealous god—so jealous that any attempt by an Israelite, to question, or to have a *séance* with, any other of the elohim, familiar spirits, or gods, or with any spirit medium, he stigmatized with vile names; and such efforts he made punishable with death to the offender. He was the God of the Hebrews, their tutelary, their tribal god. Succinctly and eloquently does Professor Moore of the Andover Theological Seminary, in his Commentary on Judges, impress that idea: Yahweh is a mighty warrior, his name is Yahweh of hosts. In the sacred ark he accompanied them to the field, he marched out for them, or with them to

battle, or comes storming from his ancient seats in tempestuous fury, discomfiting the foe and delivering his people.

Other tribes had their national gods. Chemosh was the national god of the Moabites (Num. xxi : 29), and at one time of the Ammonites. Baal was the god and Ashtoreth the goddess of the Phœnicians and Canaanites; Dagon was the god of the Philistines. Fire gods, to whom sacrifices were made of children, were quite common to all the Canaanite and Syrian tribes. They worshiped the destructive elements in manifest symbolization. Molech, a fire god, was the national deity of the children of Ammon; yet Solomon built a high place for him and for Chemosh in the mount before Jerusalem.

It is evident to Bible students acquainted with Modern Spiritualism, especially to those who have had satisfactory *séances* with genuine mediums, that Yahweh, 'him that dwelt in the bush' (Deut. xxxiii : 16), was what is occasionally designated as an earth-bound, or a mountain spirit. It was near to the mountain of God, unto Horeb, that Yahweh first called Moses. It was from Sinai, a mountain of granite and porphyry, rising between eight thousand and nine thousand feet above sea level, that Yahweh is said to have spoken unto the children of Israel, and to have written the Ten Commandments upon two stone tablets (Deut. iv.). Yahweh was with Judah and drove out the inhabitants of the hill country (*i.e.*, mountainous), but could not drive out the inhabitants of the valley, because they had chariots of iron (Judges, i : 19). It was while Elijah lodged in a cave in the mount of God, that the word of Yahweh came to him and said : 'What doest thou here?' (Kings xix : 9).

This is an enormously important subject. Everything in the Old Testament, and not a little in the New, turns upon it. The little book just named has frightened even some good Unitarians; but it tells the truth, for all that.

THE MYSTERY OF GOD.

A WRITER in *The Open Court* presents a thought of God which will bear reflection. But it is not for every one—yet.

'We know more to-day about God than our ancestors knew three or four or five centuries ago. We have learned that God is not a loving being, but, as Christ has it, he is Love; he is not a spirit, or some spirit, but, as we read in the Gospel of Saint John, he is Spirit; he is not an individual, not a concrete personality in the human sense, but a superpersonal presence, being the condition of all personality and rationality. We say 'presence' to denote God's reality, but he is not some

presence which is here, not there, which is now doing one thing and now another ; in this sense he is not a presence, but rather an omnipresence. He is everywhere and eternal.

‘ When a scientist traces the uniformities of nature and discovers a universal truth, he must know that he is in the presence of God. Every truth, *i.e.* every condition of reality which can be formulated in laws of nature, is a thought of God ; or, in other words, the laws of nature as well as all truths, mathematical, logical, and others, which describe the eternalities of existence, are divine ; they are uncreated and uncreatable. They are part and parcel of God himself ; they are the ideas of the deity. It is an allegorical mode of expression to speak of God as a person. God is not a man ; nor is he a God : he is God. And God’s thoughts are not like ours in time and space ; they are not transient and fleeting representations of surrounding conditions in the mind of a thinking being. God’s thoughts are in eternity, and the reality of his life is the existence of omnipresence.

‘ Says God, according to Isaiah : “ As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts.” We must add that this nomotheism, this conception of a superpersonal God, differs considerably from both anthropotheism and pantheism. It avoids the mistake of anthropotheism which regards God as a huge human being, without falling a prey to the pantheistic error of identifying God with the All. God is not the sum total of things, he is not the whole amount of matter and energy : nor is he a mere generality without any definite character or distinction. God is a certain feature of existence ; he is that which determines the suchness of things and of all beings ; he is the bliss of virtue and the curse of sin ; he is the necessity of law which makes reason, rational will and design, possible ; he is the condition of both ethics and science. As such he is possessed of a definite character. As such he is not only in all things but also above all things.’

‘ In a word, the superpersonal God is not God deprived of personality, but embodying all the

conditions of personality themselves; for God is personal in the sense that he is definite in character, only God's personality is not human but divine; it is eternal and universal in all the things which in a human personality are transient; his will appears in the immutable laws of nature, and his thoughts are the eternal relations of existence. His organisation is not physical but hyperphysical, not bodily, but as spiritual as, for instance, the system of mathematical truths is. If the term reality and existence are to be limited to materiality, we should have to accept the statement of atheism, that God is non-existent. But in that case we should be compelled to confess that there are nonentities which are more important actualities than all the matter and energy of the cosmos put together. God's existence is such impalpable actuality as are the actualities of truth and right and justice.'

THE NEW MORALITY.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN, who acts so industriously as Mr. Rhodes' champion whitewasher, lately put on another coat in Parliament; but he laid it on far too thick. Mr. Rhodes treats 'niggers' like vermin, to be deceived, trapped and killed; and Mr. Chamberlain hails him as the forerunner of British civilisation and trade. Mr. Rhodes is a huge adventurer and money grabber; and Mr. Chamberlain is delighted to put him before the world as our representative explorer and annexer, to whom we are grateful. Mr. Rhodes cheated his friends, lied to his colleagues, played traitor to the government, and conspired against his neighbours, whom he plotted to defraud and murder; and Mr. Chamberlain says he only made 'a mistake,' leaving us to assume that his 'mistake' was in not being successful.

What is behind all this? Mr. Rhodes and Mr. Chamberlain have evidently made a bargain, and Mr. Rhodes all along has laughed the laugh of perfect safety. Are we to infer that, in his whitewashing Rhodes' 'mistake,' Chamberlain has given

us his own code of honour? How can we avoid that inference?

Mr. Chamberlain's late quotation of the proverb,—‘He who sups with the devil should have a long spoon,’ applies with remarkable point to himself. He has all along quite forgotten it in dealing with Mr. Rhodes.

‘CROTCHETS AND FADS.’

IN politics and in social life, we are far too apt to condemn people for ‘crotchets’ and ‘fads.’ The words are usually mere brickbats. We are old enough to have seen many ‘crotchets’ ripen into principles, and many ‘fads’ emerge as facts, but we are still waiting for a good wearing and washable definition of ‘crotchets’ and ‘fads.’ These words are on a par with ‘orthodoxy’ and ‘heterodoxy,’ the only surviving definitions of which are, ‘orthodoxy’ is my doxy and ‘heterodoxy’ is everybody else’s doxy. A ‘crotchet’ is a proposal for which the scoffer does not care, and a ‘fad’ is a notion with which he has no sympathy. But, so defined, it is plain that the epithets are simply impertinences or missiles.

We suppose that what is meant in practical politics is, that ‘crotchets’ and ‘fads’ are proposals not generally accepted; and that, as such, it is bad policy or bad form to push them upon the party. There is some sense in that; only, as we never seem to know how long it will take for ‘crotchets’ to ripen into principles, and for ‘fads’ to develop into accepted facts, we ought to be careful, kindly, and hospitable. That is a profound saying in the Bible, with applications over wide areas; ‘Be not forgetful to entertain strangers; for thereby some have entertained angels unawares.’ Ah, yes! And how often, quite ‘unawares,’ have angels been smitten on the mouth and turned into the streets! It is the way of the world.

THE DÉVIL'S 'SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.'

THERE is in America, in a happy place named 'Ruskin,' a newspaper called 'The Coming Nation.' It is strongly Socialistic : but there is a good deal of 'method in its madness.' Discussing the odious and dangerous 'corner' system of swindling, it says;—

To 'corner' a man, though you do it by trickery or foul means, shows that you are among the 'fittest to survive.'

To 'corner' opportunities so that men cannot live decently, though you do it with the help of the law and could not do it without, proves that you are of those who are 'fittest to survive.'

To 'corner' money and tax the people for its use—which you could not do without government assistance — demonstrates that you are one of the 'fittest to survive.'

To 'corner' government jobs and provide comfortable livings for your own family and friends, just because the unexpected in politics has given you an opportunity, clearly decides you to be one of the 'fittest to survive.'

To 'corner' food that you never saw and contributed nothing to its production, when human lives are going out for want of it, is good evidence that you are one of the 'fittest to survive.'

In short, to do anything that is mean, that savages would be ashamed to do, that could not be done without trickery or special privileges granted by law, makes you 'fit' to crowd out and crush down people who are trying to be decent and get to heaven.

MESSAGES FROM OUR FORERUNNERS.

I HAVE great confidence in young men who believe in themselves, and are accustomed to rely on their own resources from an early period. When a resolute young fellow steps up to the great bully, the World, and takes him boldly by the beard, he is often surprised to find it come off in his hand, and that it was only tied on to scare away the timid adventurers.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

He is not rich that hath much, but he that hath enough ; nor he indigent that hath little, but he that craves more. For we are not rich or poor, happy or unhappy, honourable or mean, so much according to the proportion of that which we possess as of that which we desire.

WILLIAM PENN.

Life has no smooth road for any of us; and in the bracing atmosphere of a high aim, the very roughness only stimulates the climber to steadier and steadier steps, till that legend of the rough places fulfils itself at last, *per aspera ad astra*, over steep ways to the stars.

BISHOP DOANE.

In science, opinion ought to content us only so long as positive proof is unattainable. The love of repose must not prevent us from seeking this proof. There is no sterner conscience than the scientific conscience, and it demands in every possible case the substitution for private conviction of demonstration which shall be conclusive to all.

TYNDALL.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

THE INCONTINENT PRESS.—What can be done with these odious London evening half-penny papers? Their very contents bills are enough to sicken a costermonger. Not many days ago, an entire bill was occupied with the words, 'Gladstone to be seen by the people.' Two hours later, a contents bill of the same paper was, in like manner, and with letters just as big, occupied with the words, 'Policeman's breach of promise.' And so, day by day, the vulgar game goes on.

By the way, that 'Gladstone to be seen by the people' meant that the face of the poor dead body was to be exposed at a certain place, so that gangs of morbid persons might go and stare at it! Is it not pitiable? The nice, sweet instinct of the old man led him to ask for the privacy of Hawarden; and it is a pity the sensation-mongers did not let him have his way—either when dying or when dead. Even the 'Daily Chronicle,' in displayed type, urged that the body should be carted round London in a procession! The incontinence and odious prying, all through, have been very morbid and miserable. It is a mercy it is all over.

ORTHODOX IMPERTINENCE.—'The Literary Guide,' in one of its pithy notes, says 'We read in the *Christian World* that Dr. Lyman Abbott has been violently attacked because he dared to suggest that "an Agnostic might conceivably enter heaven." Would these genial souls venture to suggest to the Princess of Wales whom she should exclude from a private reception? And yet such an impertinence would be absolutely trivial compared with that which these religionists glory in committing when it is merely the conduct of their Deity that is in question. There must be some comfort in being so desperately little-minded, but we hope we shall never experience it.'

'MUST GIVE WAY.'—Even in Wales, the time-spirit is at work, slowly transforming all things. At a meeting of the Congregational Union of North Wales, the chairman, the Rev. D. Oliver, said, 'One thing was certain, that some of the old cherished forms of religion must give way, and they

must be prepared to accept new formulas and a change of terminology in their ancient creeds. The influence of what was known as the higher criticism had been felt, and in their religious teaching they would have to meet it in a reasonable way, and not simply denounce it as heterodoxy.' And the audience said 'Hear, hear,' in which we cordially join.

A GLIMPSE.—The following extract from a touching letter written by an old preacher, though but a glimpse of one man's thoughts and experiences, is really very suggestive. Much can be seen through this one little pane of glass;—'I forward by this post a parcel containing a manuscript on "The wisdom of God seen through the mystery of sin: or the mystery of evil solved." I should like you to do me the favour of reading it at your leisure. If there is anything in it you can make use of, you are welcome to do so. If not, you are quite at liberty to burn it. Since I read your books I have torn up about a thousand pages of old manuscript, and thrown them into the dust bin; and I think much that is written at the present day is only fit for the same.'

THE WAITING VISITOR.—An American paper says,—'Aristocratic weak-minded women are always both precise and exquisitely overnice. Brainy women are not. When a member of parliament called upon Lucretia Mott, of Philadelphia, she was washing; but she stepped straight into her parlour to meet the distinguished Englishman, greeting him with: "I am delighted to see thee." She had too much sense, too much character, to even apologise for being attired in a plain Monday morning washing-dress. But should a distinguished man, or even a neighbour, call to-day upon one of our nice modern "society women," brainless as a cuttle fish, she would dart into her chamber, jerk off her apron, put on her best dress, puff up her balloon sleeves. . . . In the meantime he sits in the ill-ventilated parlour, waiting—waiting—waiting for this fashionable next-to-nothing to come in and show her good clothes.'

We thought American women were too sensible for that.

THE LANDOWNER'S 'PITCH.'—*Land and Labour* gives us the following neat paragraph:—

'The Site Value of a Crossing Sweeper's Pitch.—Some amusement has been caused by an advertisement which lately appeared in the *Westminster Gazette*. It ran thus:—

"Crossing Sweeper.—Pitch, with goodwill, in the fashionable West End: held by present owner 14 years; good opening for a respectable man. Address, Chas. E. Collins, Rowton House, Vauxhall, S.W."

'The idea of selling "a pitch" on the Queen's highway is decidedly a novel one. Of course, the successful West End "mud-pusher," as he genially describes his occupation, will not get the £100 he asks for. But the audacity of his claim is no whit greater than that which characterises many claims for site values which are constantly allowed without a protest. He has evidently taken a leaf out of the book of some of his well-to-do patrons.'

AN OLD STORY.—But it will bear repeating. A starved-out minister preached the following farewell sermon,—‘Brothers and sisters, I come this morning to say farewell. I don’t think God loves this church, because none of you ever die. I don’t think you love each other, because I never marry any of you. I don’t think you love me, because you have not paid my salary. “By their fruits ye shall know them.” Brothers, I am going away to a better place. I have been called to be chaplain of a penitentiary. Where I go ye cannot follow me now, but ye shall follow me afterwards. I go to prepare a place for you. Good-bye.’

A HOME FOR CHILDREN.—A lady we can commend writes, ‘I am writing to ask if you know of any tiny mites who are wanting a home. I should like to take entire charge of two, either orphans, or motherless little ones, or perhaps children from abroad, if I could find them. Can you help me? I have a very comfortable country cottage, with large garden, &c. I keep poultry, pony and cow. I have plenty of spare room and, if I cannot find the children, I shall be glad to take boarders, either for long or short periods. This is a beautiful neighbourhood, three miles from Exeter. I am devotedly fond of children and miss them sadly, as I have been accustomed to them all my life, up to the time of coming here.’

We will gladly give name and address to any inquirer.

‘IAN MACLAREN TRIUMPHANT.’—That was the way in which *The Daily News* announced the Liverpool decision not to hunt Dr. Watson for heresy. No unprejudiced person can deny that, in ‘The mind of the Master,’ Dr. Watson simply smothered to death every cherished doctrine of Presbyterianism: and yet his Presbytery refuses to call him to account. What is to be done with these dismal old doctrines and documents in which men go on professing to believe but by which no one is allowed to be judged?

THE ETON COLLEGE CADS.—We understand that the young blackguards at Eton still go on with their beagling. Their cherished ‘College Chronicle’ lately recorded ‘a red letter day.’ Two hares were ‘broken up.’ The Chronicle also records that ‘the singing in chapel gets gradually better and better.’ What a disgusting blend!

THE PERSECUTIONS IN RUSSIA.—We are surprised and glad to hear that the Russian Government has given, to The Doukhobortsi (or ‘Spirit-wrestlers’), permission to emigrate. We do not know particulars, and have no knowledge of the plans for the future, which we understand are being made: but it is undoubtedly a matter which deserves serious and kindly consideration. We hope to hear of a definite proposal, such as can be put before the practical British public. In the meantime, Mr. V. Tchertkoff, Purleigh, Essex, will be glad to receive subscriptions for these persecuted people, or to give information. He will also send to any address a copy or copies of his deeply interesting book, ‘Christian Martyrdom in Russia,’ 1s. 2d. each, by post.

BOARD SCHOOL TEACHING OF THE BIBLE.—A writer in *The Ethical World*, himself a late teacher in a London Board School, gives a report of a Bible-lesson he heard from a competent master. The subject, the treatment and the style can be gathered from the following extract.

'The teacher then resumed the story of Jericho, and described the falling of the walls at the shout of Israel, and the entry of the besiegers.

'Mr. F.—"Each man now had his work to do. He was not to go wandering about anyhow. What was his work?"

'Boy.—"To kill every man he saw."

'Mr. F.—"Yes, kill, kill, kill. Perhaps we may think that"——

'Boys (all together).—"Cruel, sir."

'Mr. F.—"Yes. Not only men, but women and children. Why were they to kill every man?"

'Boy.—"Because the Israelites would have trouble in their land."

'Mr. F.—"Yes, God wanted the whole land cleared out. Later on the Israelites got into trouble because they were tired of doing it. And another reason: When the people round about heard that Jericho was taken and all the inhabitants killed, they would think it would be their turn next, and so they would run away and clear out."

The teacher probably thought he was giving a picturesque and useful lesson. But it strikes us as a particularly odious and deleterious one. There has been a most sinister development of juvenile fighting gangs in London; and we must say that this lesson, and especially the teacher's concluding words, as brutal as they were blasphemous, give us a glimpse of a possible cause of them.

O SO SIMPLE!—A 'bad boy' was once brought to a teacher. 'I can do nothing with him,' said the mother. 'I have equally tried punishment and indulgence, all to no purpose.' The teacher saw the kind of child she had to deal with, and so took no special notice of him for the rest of the day. Before going home, the little boy came over to where the teacher stood, and took hold of her hand; then, as it afraid of what he had done, he ran out of the room. For two or three days after he spoke to no one, nor would he even look at the teacher.'

One morning, as some of the older girls were saying a geography lesson, Bertie came up, and, putting his hand in that of the teacher, he said; 'I want them to sing "Tommy Tucker."' Immediately the teacher told the girls to sing what they knew of 'Tommy Tucker.' The little boy was so delighted, he ran back to his seat, saying, 'I *will* be a good boy now!' Bertie is now the first at school, and the first to learn his lessons. The touch of genial simplicity thawed the little fellow's heart, and broke away the barriers that shut him out.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

'THE LIFE-WORK OF EDWARD WHITE BENSON, D.D. (Sometime Archbishop of Canterbury). By J. A. Carr, LL.D. London: Elliot Stock. This is a sort of advance-guard, preliminary to the advent of the formal and solid 'Life' of a rather notable man. Dr. Carr calls him 'a great prelate.' We do not profess to be competent judges of prelates. We are disposed to think he was a discreet, astute and most charming man,—a great Society official, dignified, alert, comfortable, peaceable, beaming. The book is worthy of the man; and the portrait helps the book.

'BREATHINGS OF THE ANGEL'S LOVE' AND 'STORIES OF ANGEL LIFE.' London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. This is a little book in two parts, the titles of which we have given. They are beautifully written,—almost too beautifully, bordering on rhapsody, and perhaps suggesting unconscious dainty affectation. But perhaps that is quite the wrong thing to say about them. In a different atmosphere from ours they might be the natural records of the simplest and purest of all insights and affections. In any case, they are not common productions, and cannot be judged by common standards. Only one thing can be safely said about them, so far as we can see;—that in feeling and longing they belong to a heaven-sphere of aspiration. Whether they are as deep as they are delicate, is another matter.

'THE BUILDING OF THE BIBLE: SHOWING THE CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER IN WHICH THE BOOKS OF THE OLD AND NEW TESTAMENTS APPEARED ACCORDING TO RECENT BIBLICAL CRITICISM. WITH NOTES ON CONTEMPORARY EVENTS.' By F. J. Gould. London: Watts & Co. A useful little work, serious and temperate, but with just a suggestion of bias in favour of the ultra rationalistic view of the documents which have entered into the composition of the Bible. The experts greatly differ concerning every one of these documents, and we freely confess that we would as soon swear by Mr. Gould as any of them.

'A YEAR-BOOK OF GOOD COUNSEL: HOMILIES IN LITTLE FROM DAY TO DAY THROUGHOUT THE YEAR.' By the author of 'From over the tomb,' &c. London: John Bale, Sons and Danielsson. A strong and sensible, yet truly spiritual, book. It is desirable to point out that it is not 'A Year-book' specially for 1898. On the contrary, it is a book for any year, and for all the years. Centuries will go by before it can become out-of-date:—that is to say, before its 'good counsels' can become common-places. It may also be well to say that the 'good counsel' is not didactic in the sense of giving 'good advice' of the 'be good' sort. It might be more exact to describe the keen little book as a book of Thoughts on great subjects: for the subjects are very varied and are mostly on

the intellectual and spiritual plane indicated by the following specimens;—'The Infinity of God in Man,' 'Spirit Presence,' 'The Gospel of Nature,' 'Inspiration—or the Breath of God,' 'Spiritualism,' 'Life is but the shadow of the soul,' 'Ambition, a vice of virtue,' 'The one religion that will last,' 'Woman's sphere and power,' 'Science and Religion,' 'Dreams,' 'Our fellowship with dumb creatures,' 'Religion is of the spirit or nothing,' 'The revolution wrought by Christ.'

'ELI PERKINS ON MONEY.' Chicago (56, Fifth Avenue): C. H. Kerr & Co. We understand that this exceedingly clever book has made its mark in the United States. We do not wonder at it. It actually makes the bothering subject of bimetalism entertaining, and turns the maddening silver fight into a revelry of brilliant chaff. But under the guise of merriment, wonderfully helped out by numerous spirited illustrations, American fashion, it pours out a great deal of information. We heartily commend it, both for its wit and its acuteness. But how comes it that the chapter on 'Coin' explains it to Eli' is almost a verbatim repetition of the chapter on 'The fight grows hotter'?

LIGHT ON THE PATH.

'KEEP STILL.'—Dr. Burton, a Yale lecturer, once gave the following good advice to ministers: but it will do for all sorts and conditions of men—and women;—'When trouble is brewing, keep still. When slander is getting on its legs, keep still. When your feelings are hurt, keep still, till you recover from your excitement at any rate. Things look differently through an unagitated eye. In a commotion once I wrote a letter and sent it, and wished I had not. In my later years I had another commotion, and wrote a long letter; but life had rubbed a little sense into me, and I kept that letter in my pocket against the day when I could look it over without agitation and without tears. I was glad I did. Silence is the most massive thing conceivable sometimes. It is strength in its very grandeur. It is like a regiment ordered to stand still in the mid-fury of battle. To plunge in were twice as easy. The tongue has unsettled more ministers than small salaries ever did, or lack of ability.'

MODERN CONFESSORS.—Nearly two generations ago Dr. Elliotson lost caste and cash, destroying a great reputation, by expressing a belief that there was something in mesmerism. Now a doctor would lose character if he threw doubt on the scientific results achieved in Paris, Nancy and elsewhere by the leading physicians of France. We store the martyrs in one generation, and do honour to their memories in the next. It is admitted now that the mind has more influence over the body than the medical bigots of the first quarter of this century would allow, and it is quite possible that new discoveries as to the body itself may be made one day.

A VITAL FAITH. — One writes to us, deploring the decline of belief in a Future Life, and pointing out how churches droop just in proportion as full faith in it declines. This is part of our reply;—'There is a sense in which Religion depends more upon a Future Life than upon God—I mean upon our grasp of these. Moreover, it is easier to grasp a Future Life without God, than God without a Future Life. Theism alone may be very ghastly: but Immortality (or any sort of life beyond) is pregnant with boundless possibilities, and inspires with infinite hope. I am, above all things, an Evolutionist. Evolution is my hope now. That I must trust; that I must steer by; that, in a way, suffices, God or no God. In proportion as that is "nipped in the bud" by the haggling about a Future Life, aspiration droops, worship cools, faith faints, the church dies. There you have it!'

EVERY DAY WITH THOREAU.

JUNE.

HIS soul was made for the noblest society. . . . Wherever there is knowledge, wherever there is virtue, wherever there is beauty, he will find a home.—EMERSON.

1—I see laws which never fail, of whose failure I never conceived. Indeed, I cannot detect failure anywhere but in my fear. I do not fear that right is not right, that good is not good, but only the annihilation of the present existence. But only that can make me incapable of fear. My fears are as good prophets as my hopes.—*Spring*.

2—My excuse for not lecturing against the use of tobacco is, that I never chewed it; that is a penalty which reformed tobacco-chewers have to pay; though there are things enough I have chewed which I could lecture against. If you should ever be betrayed into any of these philanthropies, do not let your left hand know what your right hand does, for it is not worth knowing. Rescue the drowning and tie your shoe-strings.—*Walden*.

3—I have not succeeded if I have an antagonist who fails. It must be humanity's success.—*Spring*.

4—I would not have every man nor every part of a man cultivated, any more than I would have every acre of earth cultivated: part will be tillage but the greater part will be meadow and forest, not only serving an immediate use, but preparing a mould against a distant future, by the annual decay of the vegetation which it supports.—*Walking*.

- 5—We must expect no income beside our outgoes. We must succeed now, and we shall not fail hereafter. So soon as we begin to count the cost, the cost begins.—*Winter.*
- 6—The law will never make men free; it is men who have got to make the law free. They are the lovers of law and order who observe the law when the government breaks it.—*Slavery in Mass.*
- 7—One cannot too soon forget his errors and mis-demeanours. To dwell long upon them is to add to the offence. Repentance and sorrow can only be displaced by something better, which is as free and original as if they had not been.—*Winter.*
- 8—What is fame to a living man? If he live aright, the sound of no man's voice will resound through the aisles of his secluded life. His life is a hallowed silence, a pool. The loudest sounds have to thank my little ear that they are heard.—*Spring.*
- 9—Nothing seems to make the earth so spacious as to have friends at a distance; they make the latitudes and longitudes.—*Letter.*
- 10—If my friend says in his mind, I will never see you again, I translate it, of necessity, into ever. That is its definition in love's lexicon. Those we can love we can hate. To others we are indifferent.—*Spring.*
- 11—What a fool he must be who thinks that his El Dorado is anywhere but where he lives.—*Letter.*
- 12—Why should we live with such hurry and waste of life? We are determined to be starved—before we are hungry. Men say that a stitch in time saves nine, and so they take a thousand stitches to day to save nine to-morrow.—*Walden.*
- 13—A great soul will not consider its sins as its own, but be more absorbed in the prospect of that valour and virtue for the future which is more properly itself, than in these improper actions which by being sins discover themselves to be not itself.—*Winter.*
- 14—We are too inclined to go hence to a 'better land,' without lifting a finger, as our farmers are moving to the Ohio soil; but would it not be more heroic and faithful to till and redeem this New England soil of the world?—*Paradise (to be) Regained.*
- 15—There is no ripeness which is not, so to speak, something ultimate in itself, and not merely a perfected means to a higher end. In order to be ripe it must serve a transcendent use. The ripeness of a leaf, being perfected, leaves the tree at that point and never returns to it. It has nothing to do with any other fruit which the tree may bear, and only genius can pluck it.—*Spring.*

- 16—The object of love expands and grows before us to eternity, until it includes all that is lovely, and we become all that can love.—*Letter.*
- 17—It is foolish for a man to accumulate material wealth chiefly, houses and lands. Our stock in life, our real estate, is that amount of thought which we have had, which we have thought out. The ground we have thus created is forever pasturage for our thoughts. I fall back, on to visions which I have had. What else adds to my possessions, and makes me rich in all lands? If you have done any work with those finest tools, the imagination and fancy and reason, it is a new creation, independent of the world, and a possession forever.—*May Days.*
- 18—Man is not the final judge of the humblest work, though it be piling wood. The queen and the chambermaid, the king and the hired man, the Indian and the slave, alike appeal to God.—*Spring.*
- 19—It is the art of mankind to polish the world, and every one who works is scrubbing in some part.—*Letter.*
- 20—It is a characteristic of wisdom not to do desperate things.—*Walden.*
- 21—Not to grieve long for any action; but to go immediately and do freshly and—otherwise, subtracts so much from the wrong; else we may make the delay of repentance the punishment of the sin.—*Winter.*
- 22—There is a certain divine energy in every man, but sparingly employed as yet, which may be called the crank within,—the crank after all—the prime mover in all machinery,—quite indispensable to all work.—*Paradise (to be) Regained.*
- 23.—Sugar is not so sweet to the palate as sound to the healthy ear.—*Diary.*
- 24.—It is difficult to conceive of a region—uninhabited by man. We habitually presume his presence and influence everywhere. And yet we have not seen pure Nature, unless we have seen her thus vast and drear and *inhuman*, though in the midst of cities.—*Klaadn.*
- 25—How much more full is Nature where we think the empty space is than where we place the solids!—full of liquid influences.—*Letter to Emerson.*
- 26—What is called eloquence in the forums is commonly found to be rhetoric in the study.—*Walden.*
- 27—The wise man can afford to doubt in his wisest moment. The easiness of doubt is the grounds of his assurance. Faith keeps many doubts in her pay. If I could not doubt I should not believe.—*Spring.*
- 28—I would say to the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, sometimes,—‘Go to grass. You have eaten hay long enough. The spring has come with its green crop.’—*Walking.*

- 29—The stars are the apexes of what—wonderful triangles! What distant and different beings in the various mansions of the universe are contemplating the same one at the same moment! Nature and human life are as various as our several constitutions. Who shall say what prospect life offers to another? Could a greater miracle take place than for us to look through each other's eyes for an instant?—*Walden.*
- 30—Read the best books first, or you may not have a chance to read them at all.—*Week.*

THE THREE SPIRITS.

Three mighty spirits live to-day,
 And animate man's restless clay;
 Each sheds its potent influence round,
 In seeds upon earth's moral ground.
 The first would tell us 'God is love,'
 That nought but blessing from above
 E'er comes to us, though reason cry,
 'The direst ills thy faith defy!'
 The next declares that God but shows
 Supreme indifference to our woes;
 Nay, must be cruel to allow
 Such sweat of anguish on our brow.
 The third insists there is no God;
 That man is nothing but a clod,
 Now cut and turned, at heedless rate,
 Beneath the cold, sharp spade of fate:
 Though what is meant by fate or force,
 Without a will to guide its course,
 'Twere hard to tell. No God? No Light?
 Blind creatures then of blinder night
 Without a hope of wrongs redressed,
 No key to problems which have pressed
 Our spirits here so sore; for nought
 We toil and suffer,—dreadful thought!
 We fight and fall, and rise again
 To strike our demon foes in vain.
 Who on such terms the storms of life
 Would face, or with its waves of strife
 Do battle? No, we'll own our God,
 Nor dream our end below the sod.
 The weary world shall ease its smart,
 By feeling there's a Loving Heart
 That beats for it, though bitter pain
 Return as clouds oft after rain.
 Who thinks his God is all unkind,
 Will tenfold weight of sorrow find.
 Thrice keen for him the surgeon's blade,
 Who sees no tenderness displayed:
 So, 'tis 'the Father' we must see,
 Ere from all doubt our souls are free.

ELIZABETH A. HAYES.